LITTLE BENNIE. A Story in Rhyme of Uncle Amos

and His Christmas Gifts.

All through the day the wind and rain Had driven o'er each street and lane Of our big city, till at last. The twilight shadows gathered fast. And twinkling through the gloom about The misty city lights shone out; Some from the homes where love and peace Would help discomfert quickly cease; Some from the homes where love and peace Would help discomfert quickly cease; Some from the homes where hand in hand Grim poverty and pain would stand; And some, alast from haunts where men Forreed for their woes new chains again. Amid the crowd that jostied by. With tred feet and stilled sigh, Went Bennie Moore, a blue cycl lad, The only loy his mother had. She was a widow. Day by day She sewed her health and strength away. While her groung son, with anxious heart, To help her bravely tried his part, And walked the busy city through, Speking some work to find and do. Yet search was vain. Mon said that he Looked weak an "errand-boy" to be; Looked sick and small; in fact they had No jobs to give so young a lad. And so with each discouraged night Came tears to dim the blue cyes light, While Bennie in this heart would say:

"Please, lord, do help manma, I pray!" All thro this day of chilling rain. "Odd Jobs" to find, of any kind—Or hard or light, he would not mind. But now, still empty-handed, he went shivering homeward, wearly, The earnest question on his tongue:

"Mamma, is nine years old too young
For work?" "Dear child," she answered, "you

The earnest question on his tongue:
Mamma, is nine years old too young
For work?" "Boar child," she answered,
"you
Are not as strong—alas! 'tis true—
As many other boys you mee!
Each dily upon the husy street.
Be pat ent till you re older grown,
Then mother will not toll alone."
So little Bennie's heart grew sore,
He pondered his grave question o'er,
Till suddenly a happy thought
By his quice, eager brain was caught.
Nor did he let it go till he
Had studied it most thoroughly.
He knew—what hitle boy does not?—
Of that most fascinating spot
Called "Country." Every dear, child knows
It is a loyely place that grows
Outside of city walls and ites
All free beneath the d stant skies.
Our Bennie had no map to trace
A town, locality or place;
He only knew that somewhere grew.
High hills, and happy valleys, too.
He only finged, with all his heart,
From city ways and woes to part;
To go where bays were not so many.
And he oould care an homest penny.
All night he pondered on his plan
Till morning came. Dear little man!
How quick his tringue found leave to speak,
When mother's kas was on his chook:
Mother dear mother. I must go!

He plead: "for the new heart I know
That same kind farmer will employ
And find some creates for your boy.
Then when the Chr stimas time shall come
I'll bring my earnings safely home;
And you and I, oh mother, dear.
Will have a happy Christmas cheer."
Ah, Benne, no." she sadly said.
But Benne, as she shook ner head,
Fell back upon his his tresource.
Now, look at me, mamma, of course,
I shall be growing strong and well
In the fresh air. You can not tell
How sure I am that it will be
The very best of thines for me."
His mother gazed upon him there.
The little face was far too fair
For perfect health and well she know
The shadow in those eyes so blue.
Can it be God's own plan, "thought she,
Which, tho' it make my child from me
Yet offers health and strongth to him
Daro I refuse." "Her eyes grow dim.
She haid her hand upon his head.
God bioss you, Bennie, go!" she said.

God bioss you, Bennie, go!" she said.

II
Old Amos Green came up the bill
From his broad meadow la ud below,
Just as the setting am had shed
O er hill and dale its crimson glow.
The farmer whished as he walked,
And to his shopherd dog he talked
With kindly notice." Shop, old boy,
If folks would only look about
An try to p o't its comforts out,
Instead o'g grumbilit day by day,
Cause things don't always go their way."
Shep waggod his tail, then paused to hark;
Pricked up his care, and with a bark
Went bounding forward to the gate,
Where he had seen a figure wait.
A little figure, thinly clad.
A tired, yot a hoppful lad.
For on the farmer's sunburned face,
Surprise to kindly smiles gave place.
Why, bless my sould who have we here?"
Then Bennie, without shame or fear.
Told who he was and whence be came;
Showed his small feet, so bruised and lame
From climblug hils, and walking o er
Long roads he ne'er had seen before—
Told also ably ne'd come away
From home, in a strange place to stay.
I ve stopped at many a house to see
If any body wanted me;
But I moo little. Don't folks know
That little boys can bigger grow?'
He stopped and in 4 his soft, pale check
Oh Shep's broad head. Shep couldn't speak,
But with his cyes he seemed to say:
Well, lad, what is it you would do?
Asked Farmer Green. "Stay here with you,
And do odd jobs and things. You'll see
How useful I will try to be,
Was Bounie's cager answer, while
He tightened 'neath the old man's smile.
Please, sir. I'm tred with my walk,
And most too thred to even talk!"
Then came the farmer s sister, Prue—
(Reioved of children wore those two,
Who in their cheerful home togother,
Had bravely shared life's changeful weather—
Those two alone, and loying all
Young folks around, or large or small,

Had bravely starred life

erThose two alone, and loving all
Young falks around, or large or small,
Were lovingly by children claimed,
And "Luclo," "Auntic," they were named.,
Sue came, Aunt Prue, and laid her hand
On Bennie a brow, "We understand,
Poor little boy! Don't tremble so!
Amos, we il need by a help. I know,
As little chare boy, Surely we
Won't gridge the pay to such as he."

That night a happy little boy
Knelt down to pray in words of Joy
And praise, to the good God above,
Out of a heart o'er full of love.
For had he not at Auntie's side
Learned how the blessed Christmas-tide
Had given him a logal right
To love his new found home so bright?
And listening to the sad, sweet tale
Of his dead father's boyish years.
What gift more treasured than the suit
Once laid away with many tears,
But which in merry, boyish play,
He'd proudly wern that Christmas day?
And think you it was long before
Ben saw his dear mamma once more?
Ah, no indeed! for Farmer Green
No moments wasted are he came
To our blg city one fine day
Another sister dear to claim.
He found her in her lonely room,
Just at the early twilight's gloom,
And gently broke the welcome news
To her whose heart could not refuse
To litten and believe. She heard
Him through, and then at the last word
Falluted for Joy, for she was weak,
E'en while her "hother" kissed her cheek
But joy won't kill, they say, and so
Her tired heart put of its woe,
And all her cares and all her foars.
Were washed away in happy tears.
No need to fell of the glad day.
When Bennie, rosy-checked and gay,
Stretched out his arms mamma to greet,
And welcome with his kisses weet
To the old home, where Anntie Prue
A stater's welcome tendered, too.
No need to fell how Farmer Green—
The happiest 'uncle' ever seen— Now fancy little Ben, each day,
His young heart growing light and gay,
And more than that, so grainful, too,
For all the work he found to do;
And, dear mamma, it's so much better,
'He told his mother in his letter,'
'To live up here where deels are wide,
And there is lots of sky, beside;
And where I know, that every day,
It is for you I carn my pay,
My farmer is so kind to me:
I call him Uncle Amos—he
I call him Uncle Amos—he
I sthat to all the enlidren here.
I'm sure you'd love him, mother dear!'
All this, and more beside, did Ben
In his bwa fashion write; and then
I'he kind old farmer dropped it in
The mail-box, with a merry grin,
To think how Bennie little know
That with it wout—a "groenback" too.
Well, days slipped by, and Amos Green,
As it was plainly to be seen.
Grew very fond of ben, the while
Aunt Prine's alevotion made him smile.
You'll appell the boy' he often cried.
No less wil you!" Aunt Prine replied.
And Ben, except for missing mother,
Preferred this bome to any other.
November's reign was o'er at last;
The "holdays" were coming fast.
Each week he de did that was plain.
How far, how very far away,
To Beande soemed that dismaid day
Or wind and rain, the last one he
Had walked the street so fearfully;
Because he tried the long day through
And had not found a "job" to do!
Since then how happy he had grown,
And how the days had fairly flown
With all the chores he had on hand!
(He na was idle, understand.
While yot one duty was undone
Before the setting of the sun.)
He beiped the turn them out to browse;
He took the horse to water, then
Rode Dury her from more till night,
That Under Amos had he had on hand!
(He na was idle, understand.
While yot one duty was undone
Before the setting of the sun.)
He beiped the turn them out to browse;
He took the horse to water, then
Rode Dury he from more till night,
That Under Amos had be not know

You lisari before the winter so or.
At Christmas pire, will be proven the seal of the row.
And preference of the sun.
On you had not be seen to be not you see
Wint hill ma No need to tell how Farmer Green—
The hupplest "uncle" over seem—
The Joyous news spread far und wide,
With Hen ito help him) at his side.
But this 'Ill say, that to this day
Old Amos Green his full heart lifts
In loving gratitude for those
"Most unexpected Christmas gifts."
—Mary D. Brine.

IV.

me! unle at the peep of day drowsy thoughts far, far away, the window stood to see

GAS.

The Use of Natural Gas for Heating and Lighting Purposes. The use of natural gas is increasing in the East, and already plays a most important part in the system of lighting and heating. It is said by a New York newspaper that by New Year's nearly one-half of the dwellings in the city of Rochester will use it for domestic purposes. The same paper says that natural gas was lately introduced into Beaver Falls, being used as a fuel by a steel manufactory, whose annual expense for fuel has hitherto been some \$75,000. Last month several new yeins were Last month several new veins were struck near Pittsburgh, adding considerably to the supply which that city already possesses.

To the dear some, and none might know Of him whose pinde had full a so low. But Hennie still talked on and told How poor they were so often cold And hungry, too. "But yet." said he. Father was always kind to me And my mamma!" "So kind," he cried, Speaking the words with boyfsh prific in that dear father's love, "that when He died, we scarce could smile again For such a weary while: I know That something vexed him long ago. "Cause once I heard my mother say: 'You'll see your home again some day.' 'I have no home save here with you, My father said; 'too proud am I 'To turn to those I've hurt, and cry After so many years, for nid!' These age the very words he said." With tears upon his sun-browned cheek, Old Amos Green his sister sought. "Come, see what this strange day has brou To us." He led her tremblingly Up the old stairs, that she might see The little "chore-boy" of the farm. Still in the sailor suit arrayed. The farmer grasped his sister's arm: "Spoak, Prue, whose suit does Bennie wo She turned, and o'er her face a shade Of anger passed. "How did they dare To use that in his play; 'she cried. Old Amos drew her to his side. Our long jost brother, dear, is dead! Ben wears—his—father's guit!" he saild.

VL.

struck near Pitsourga, adding considerably to the supply which that city already possesses.

It is asserted that the supply and use of natural gas by the city of Pittsburgh is so large that it promises to revolutionize some of the essential characteristics of that city. Many manufacturing establishments use it for fuel, with the result that a very large portion of the dense smoke which for many years has overhung and destroyed the beauty of the place has disappeared. The cost of this gas is fixed at the same as the cost of coal used as fuel; but even at the same price there is a great economy. Phere is no coal to be hauled, no ashes to be disposed of, and perfect cleanliness takes the place of the smoky atmosphere. The use of the new fuel being a success both in dwellings and manufactories, the only question of importance that remains is as to the duration of the supply. Experts claim that there will be no material diminution in the next twenty years.—Chicago Times inter drows, and the window stood to see and at the window stood to see the rising sun so gloriously froctains to all the listening earth:
This is the day of seems birth!"
Into his ciothes he serambled fast,
And down the smirs he flow at last,
Oried; "Marry Christmas!" to Aunt Prue,

"Dear Santa Claus," wrote shocking, "I'se been a good boy so please fill a heapen up this stocking. I want a drum to make pa sick and drive my mamma crazy. I want a doggie I can kick so he will not get lazy. I want a powder gun to shoot right at my sister Annie, and a big trumpet I can toot just awful loud at Granny. I want a drelle big false face to scare in fits our baby. I want a pony I can race around the parlor, may-be; I want a little hatchet, too, so I can do some chopping upon our grand pi-ano new, when mamma goes a shopping. I want a nice hard rubber ball to smash

Then out across the barryard, where the rang his precitings on the air. That all his farmyard pets might know what made his heart with pleasure glow Throwing the barn doors open wide. He peked his cutry he id inside.

A merry Christmas, good old Grey "The mare responded with a neigh, and Bennie, standing on his toes, Kissed levingly her soft brown ness. Now then, the first thing I will do Must be to find for Aunte Prue Some eggs for that big pudding she is going to make to day for me; Ohl shau't I have'—ains! what thought in Bennie's heart just then was born To drive the sunshine from his eyes, and make him said that merry morn? He knew his mother thought of him, In her poor home, with eyes so dim With unshed tears, she scarce could see The work she sewed so wearily. No happy Christmas day for her:
No joy to make her pulses stir As Bennie's did, nor to her share would fall his sumptions Christmas fare. What wender that all signs of joy. Fled from the blue eyes of her boy! Hut she has got my money here!" Back rolled the cloud from Bennie's brow, While dimples gathered thick and fast). And I have helped mamma at last!"

And when the party was begun, No happler child beneath the sun Could oer be found than Bennie Moore, Who played as he ne'er played before. And oh! the dimer! there they sat, The childres—cosy-checked and fat. Their appetites far more than able To do full justice to the table. While farmer Green and Auntie Prue Holped them to out and chatter, too.

all into flinders the great big mirror in the hall an' lots an' lots of winders. An' candy that'll make me sick so ma all night will hold me an' make pa get the doctor quick an' never try to scold me. An' Santa Claus, if pa says I am naughty it's a story. Jus' say that if he whips me I'll die quick and go to Kingdom glory; and then he'll feel so awful bad, I just know that he lilet me have my own way.

hristinas day. Now, Santa, don't forge nel-H. C. Dodge, in Whitchall Times. THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

with Its Erection. One of the most remarkable things about the monument is the fact that Colonel Casey put a new foundation under the pile when it was 174 feet high before he would begin stone-laying at the top. The earth was taken away and the old foundation, eighty feet square, was removed. Had the monument been built on it the only re-sult would have been that it would have sunk down into the soft earth under-neath. Digging down Colonel Casey took out everything but a core of earth 14 feet square under the monument, having put timbers to hold the weight above. He then built a foundation 126 feet square and 13 feet deem The

Ho! for the garret dim and wide,
Cobwebbed with dust from side to side!
Thither the children, girls and boys,
Betook themselves and all their noise,
Intent upon a funt throughout
The tame-worn rubbish stored about.
What fun they had! and how they played
That they were pirates, making raid
Upon such prey as came their way.
Till Bennie, with a shout so gay
That it went ringing through and through
The house, and startled Auntie Prue
And Uncle Ames as they sat,
Having an after-dinner chat—
Discovered in an old-time chest
A fittle sailor sult. In jest
He slipped it on, "Soc, follers, see!
It's almost little enough for me.
I'd like to be a sailor boy
And go to pinces far away,
And see such lots of curious things
As sailors see. I will some day.
My father was a sailor, he
Was fourteen when he went to see,
I know, because he told me so.
But then, you see, he didn't go
As big men do. He run ausuy—
My father did, one summer day,
And left his home. I think that I
Would rather have stayed to say good-bye.
He didn't the, he thought 'twas fun
To run away. The thing was done
Before he scarce had planned it, soo?
He used to tell it all to me,
And then he d look so sad, as tho'
Some things has greeved him loon ago."
Now it had chanced that Hennie's shout
Had drawn the farmer from his chair,
And hastening to the garret stairs,
He panued awhile to listen there.
"For like as not some mischief they
Will do before the close of day."
Thought he, and sianding there, had heard
Of Bonnie s slory overy word.
And still he stood with his gray eyes
Orown wide we th wonder and surprise.
While little hen, in suit of blue,
Tolling his story, intile knew
Of the one auditor, unseen,
Whose listening cars grew sharp and koon.
Bon's little heart was stirred with pride,
As "Tell us more!" the children cried;
He loved to talk—they loved to listen,
And how his cycs began to glisten,
And boy and prove the was for he
Would often put me off his knee. Some of them are curious. One broad slab is engraved in Chinese; one is in Turkish, from the Sultan. The Grecian islands of Paros and Nixos, famed for their marble, sent two stones. The most interesting is one big slab of granite inscribed: "From Braddock's Field." All the States and most of the Territories are represented. A stone for Montana is being get row on Control Hill ries are represented. A stone for Mon-tana is being ent now on Capitol Hill-All those that should go into the monu-ment, says Colonel Casey, will be set into places cut for them on the interior walls. The staircase will make it easy to read them, if any one wants to spend half an hour in ascending step by step. This staircase is to be inished with iron gisers instead of wooden, and with iron risers instead of wooden, and, with fine-dental work necessary to be done, will cost \$25,000,—Cor. Chicago Inter

THE MISTLETOE.

Ocean.

A Relic of the Days of Druidism-A Busi-In the old-fashioned English familles a branch of the mistletoe is suspended on

Tribunc.

The hanging of the mistletce is a relic of the days of Druidism handed down through centuries. The Druids reverenced the plant when found on the oak, the favorite male friend. "In the first place, I want through the whole mass of meat, and remarks their distributions."

Tribunc.

The pickle in quantity sufficient to cover them, and your work is done. The garettes. Why do you do that?" asked pickle extracting the desired smoky layor from the barrel, will carry it male friend. "In the first place, I want through the whole mass of meat, and The hanging of the mistletoe is a relic of plant when found on the oak, the favorite tree of their divinity Tutanes. At the win-ter solstice a great festival was celebrated in his honor. The people, led by their priests. the Druids, went in procession to gather the mistletoe; when the oak was reached on which it grew two white bulls were bound to a tree. The Chief Druid, clothed in to a tree. The Chief Druid, clothed in white, ascended it, and with a golden knife cut the sacred plant, which was caught by another priest in the fold of his robe.

The bulls, and often human victims, were sacrificed, and the mistictoe, divided into small pleces, was distributed among the people. They hung the sprays over the doors of their houses as a wook taking and shelter.

of their houses as a propitiation and shelter, to the sylvan deities during the season of In the Scandinavian mythology the mistletce is a plant of no mean importance, so the legend relates, having been the instru-ment of the slaying Balder, the god of elo-

quence and poetry.

Baider one day told Friga, his mother, that he had dreamed a dream which fore-boded his death. She to protect her son, secured an oath from fire, air, earth, water, the animals and plants, that they would do Balder no harm. He, being thus assured, took his place amid the combats of the gods, and fought without fear.

gods, and fought without fear.

Loake, his enemy, seeing that not one of his arrows, which fell in showers upon Baider, did him the least harm, determined to discover the secret of his invulnerability. Disguising himself as an old woman he paid his court to Friga and complimented her upon the valor and good fortune of her son.

101 11 3 TO 7 11 O' 1 Ran Agamst a Snag.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The wives of Brigham Young ure still mostly all widows.

The salary of President Jewett, of the Eric Railroad, has, been \$40,000 a year for ten years.

—Mr. Wait, of Connecticut, will be the oldest member of the next. National House of Representatives. He is sev-

onty-six. enty-six.

—According to statistics, novels constitute alno-tenths of the books read in England, and ninecen-twentieths of the books read in the world.

-The present Emperor of Russia in his earlier days was noted for his feats of strength, and is still one of the strongestmen in his Empire of giants. -Ella Maude Moore, winner of a five hundred dollar prize offered by the Yauth's Companion for the best short girl's story, is the author of the poem "Rock of Ages,"

-Major Edwards, the fat editor of

the Fargo (D. T.) Argus, is believed to be the biggest man-in the newspaper business in the United States. He is said to tip the beam at three hundred and forty pounds.

-Miss Gussle Turner, a bright and vivacious young lady of Philadelphia, followed her lover to Délaware and was married to him in the county jail at New Castle, where he is serving a three years' sentence for burglary.-

-Miss Lelia J. Robinson, a bewitching young lawyer of Boston, went out to Seat le, W. T., to settle a short time ago. She has been winning cases from the best lawyers of the Territory, and the people now talk about making her a Judge.—Chicago News. -Congressman-elect Morrow, of the

Fourth California District, and Mr. Hastings, his Democratic competitor in the late canvass, are close friends, and the first thing Mr. and Mrs. Hastings dd after learning the result was to tender the successful candidate a congratulatory dinner at their fine San Francisco residence.—San Francisco

-For many years past Alfred Tenny son has signed his name only to letters to his nearest friends. All other com-munications, including replies to open or concealed applications for his anto-graph, have been, and are, penned and signed in his name by Lady Tennyson, who writes a bold, strong hand, much more masculine in appearance than the poet's.

having put timbers to hold the weight above. He then built a foundation 126 feet square and 13 feet deep. The whole weight on that foundation now is 81,380 tons. It is a wonderful piece of engineering that few men would have undertaken and fewer still would have succeeded in.

There are a good many contributed stones to be placed in the interior walls. They are now in a building called the lapidarium. Some are fasteful in design and appropriate in language. Others are plain Yankee froth and impudence, advertising quarries, and not a few are puffs of public functionaries, whose names are cut big on their face. Some of them are curious. One broad

-We don't pretend to belong to the high-toned crowd whose breakfast is served in bed; but nevertheless we gen-erally take a roll and a turnover before rising.

—Marmalade is made from banana

skins in Philadelphia. In Boston it is quite as often papa laid as mamma laid that the banana skin is responsible for. -Philadelphia Call. -No explorer will ever reach the tor

of the North Pole-it's too cold a climb. We advise our friends to go armed for the present as the author of this is still at large. - The Halchet. -'I have no way to pass the time,

and it's tedious," complained an idle boy. "Go walk up and down in front of the town clock, and then you'll pass time," advised his bright sister Tot .-- Golden Days.

-A Ready Pair: Red as a rose was she,
Red as a beet was he,
And the marriage service was duly read,
And readily out of the church they sped.
I asked the parson the size of his fee;
I got not a red," he answered me.

when I smoke I always think of him," was the reply. "And don't it make you sick?"—Detroit Post.

much more equally, or evenly, than by the usual process of smoking, as the flavor will be as strong in the center as at the surface of the ham. In addition

THE REVOLVER. Besult of Some of the Teachings of Our

May we not see, is the recent murderown and the service of the result of the service of the control of her home, she
written a new lecture. It is on
Dress."

Mrs. Oscar Wilde—"What a nice subject! Do you menton those delicionally
sweet fabrice that Blank & Co. have just
ing."

"Well, no."

"Not! Oh, perhaps you had to beave
them out in order to explain about
the new winter bonnets. They are just
too aweet for myrthing, and, by the way
I meel."

"No, I do not mention boungis; the
fact is my argument is in favor of simpilicity and a return to the cheap an
an assumption and the service of the ser

—Wheels are in use in which paper has been introduced between the heavy steel tire and metallic hub, on account of the clasticity which paper possesses and which it is claimed makes the wheel less liable to break if an obstacle HOME, FARM AND GARDEN. —Flour is much improved for baking being heated in the oven till quite at just before using.—Exchange. -Whether we buy asparagus sets or sow the seeds makes just about one year's difference as to the time of cut-ting the shoots. -Albany Journal. wheel less liable to break it an obstacle is struck. The paper is pressed by hydraulic presses and rendered water-proof, yet it has not the durability necessary to take the place of an entire iron wheel, nor has it ever done so.—Boston Commercial-Bulletin.

-When you have decided what and how much to plant, if you have not the

wheel, nor has it ever done so.—Boston bow much to plant, if you have not the plants, open a correspondence with several leading nurserymen and ascertain where you can do best in purchasing; then give your orders early.—An Arizona editor made the following at the give your orders early.—American Rural Home.

—When using an axe or hammer, instead of spitting on the hands to get a stead of spitting on the hands to get a series of grease or oil—never use linseed oil, as that will glaze it and make it more alignery. Also, if you have dry, hard wood to split, grease the axe with bacon rind.—Cleveland Leader.

How would be split, grease the axe with bacon rind.—Cleveland Leader.

Look out for small wastes. Put all the split was all this week at Al Blodgetti's saloon."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A VOLUME has lately been published o "What to wear." Now what we want is sequel, entitled "How to procure it."—Bos ton Post. the cornstalks under cover, feed all the soft apples, save all the hard ones for use in the family, for sale or for stock; put the sound pumpkins where they won't freeze, so they can be fed to milch cows and other stock; give up whisky and tobacco, and turn everything Providence sends to the best account. Thus do and sweet will your account. Thus do and sweet will your slumbers be. - Prairie Farmer.

-Southern Chicken Pie: Boil a chicken until it is tender, then take a deep earthen dish and put into it a layer of carthen dish and put into it a layer of chicken, well seasoned with butter, pepper and salt, then put a layer of cold boiled rice on this, and so on until you have exhausted your resources, taking care you have a layer of rice on the top. Put this into the oven and let it remain there until it is very hot and then serve.—Boston Budget.

Com Biscuit. Scale three pages of the control of the cont

-Corn Biscuit: Scald two cups of corn meal in one pint of sweet milk. Then stir together three-quarters of a cup of butter, two cups of sugar and a little salt, and add to it. Then add three eggs well beaten, a little flour and half a cup of hop yeast. Let it rise the second time; then roll out, and let rise the third time. Bake and send to the table hot. This amount make makes about twenty-five biscuit .- The House

-Smoked Beef with Eggs; Cut beef in thin shavings or chips, put them into the frying pan and nearly fill it with hot water. Let it holl up once, then pour the water off, and add to the beet a tablespoonful of good dressing or fat for balf a pound of the beef. Shake a little pepper over and let it fry for a few minutes over a quick fire, then break two or three eggs into it and stir them together till the eggs are done: then turn it out on a dish for the table. -Boston Globe.

HOW TO SMOKE HAMS.

mething Which Every Farmer Should Know How to Do Properly. The process of sugar-curing hams is as follows: The hams are trimmed and rubbed with salt and left to drain on a bench for a day and a night. They are then wiped dry and packed in a clean barrel, and each one is rubbed with salt as it is put down. They are packed as closely as possible. A pickle is made as follows: For each one hundred pounds of meat seven pounds of salt, two and one-half pounds of brown sugar, and two ounces of saltpeter are dissolved in hot water, and the liquid is boiled for a short time, being skimmed if necessary. It is then cooled, and when cold is It is then cooled, and when cold is strained into the barrel through a double cloth on to the meat. The meat should be kept three linches under the pickle. It is best to head up the barrel and pour the pickle through a hole in the head, and then cork it tight. Otherwise, a loose head should be put on the meat and weighted down, and a cover put on the top of the barrel. cover put on the top of the barrel After two months the hams may be taken out, well wiped and rubbed with ground black popper, and then smoked. As a substitute for the usual smoke, house, the following is suggested:

I asked the parson the size of his feet branch of the mistletoe is suspended on "I asked the parson the size of his feet branch of the mistletoe is suspended on "I asked the parson the size of his feet branch of the mistletoe is suspended on "I asked the parson the size of his feet branch of the mistletoe is suspended on "I asked the parson the size of his feet branch of the mistletoe is suspended on "I asked the parson the size of his feet branch of the following is suggested: Smoke a barrel thoroughly with maple or hickory chips (raise the burrel an inch or two from the ground to furnish draft.) and when samoked sufficiently, sweep out the superstitions associated with the custom is that the maid who is not thus kissed at Christmas will not be married during the year.

The hanging of the mistletoe is a relic of "I asked the parson the size of his feet Smoke a barrel thoroughly with maple or hickory chips (raise the burrel an inch or two from the ground to furnish draft.) and when similar to furnish draft. I asked the parson the size of his feet Smoke a barrel thoroughly with maple or hickory chips (raise the burrel an inch or two from the ground to furnish draft.) and when similar the parson the size of his feet Smoke a barrel thoroughly with maple or hickory chips (raise the bury rel an inch or two from the ground to furnish draft.) and when similar the parson the size of hie of the privilege. One of the other day, "and I've done it. My smoked sufficiently, sweep out the sinside, and give it a slight frinsing with cold water. When you have thus presume the protection of his feet and inch or two from the other day. "I asked the parson the size of his feet and inch or two from the other day." "I asked the parson the surger and inch or two from the other day." "I house, "I house, "I he said the that I would take means to prevent young men from coming around my house," said a father ground to furnish draft.) I house it as in the bursen was a surger to he said a father the bursen was a surger to he said a father was the reply. "And don't it make you sick?"—Detroit Post.

—An honest farmer was invited to attend a party at the village doctor's one evening, where there was music, both vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said: "Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night?" "Why, really, sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em; but the perk chops were the finest I ever ate."—Good Checr.

—Mrs. De Blank—"Poor Clara! My heart goes out to her, but what can'do? Nothing will comfort her." Mrs. de Pink—"Clara! Dear me! What has happened? I thought she was happily married. Everybody said it was a splendid match." "Yes, that is true; but everybody was mistaken. The poor girl was basely deceived by a designing scoundrel who masqueraded in order to win her young affections." "Impossible. I heard he was a plumb r." "So we all thought, but it turned out that he was nothing but a foreign Count."—Philadelphia Call.

THE REVOLYER.

flavor will be as strong in the eenter as at the surface of the ham. In addition to this even flavoring of the meat this process will be found to be much less troublesome and laborious, avolding the risk of falling into the fire, of a burning smoke-house, or into the hands of the theving neighbors, besides escaping the filthiness which is inseparable from the common way of smoking, and its consequent waste when preparing it for the table, as the meat is every way as clean when taken from the barrel as when placed in it. By this process all the expense, labor and trouble of bagging the hams after making, to keep them from the files, is obviated, as they may be kept submerged in the pickle till wanted, or the last plece is desired for the gridron, pot or pan. Be sure to smoke the barrel very thoroughly it you would have a strong flavor of smoke in your meat.—Colman's Rural World.

EARNING HOUSEWORK.

Girls Should Be Taught the Importance of Serving an Apprenticeship in the Kitcheth.

**Girls Should Be Taught the Importance of Serving an Apprentice

to think more honorably of housework, we would not have so many inefficient housekeepers, but if the mother is effi-May we not see, in the recent murder- sient in the control of her home, she

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CURES THE WORST PAINS in from on to twenty minutes. Not one hear siter reading this appetisement need any one SUFFER WITH

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r any inflammation of the internal organs or mu-embranes, after exposure to cold, wet, etc., lose me, but apply liadway's Hellef over the part after can kill a tiger—if the tiger happens to be found when only a little cub. So consumption, that deadlest and most feared of diseases, in this country, can assuredly be con quered and destroyed if Dr. Pierce's "Gold en Medical Discovery" be employed early

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.
There is not a remedial arent in the world that will not ever and Agno and all other Malarious, Billous

"To whire is how man," said the pun-ster, who felt of a buzz saw to see if it was in motion.—N. Y. Journal. It gives us great pleasure to state that

If gives us great pleasure to state that the merchant who was reported being at the point of death from an attack of Fueumonia has entirely recovered by the use of Da. Wm. Hall's Balsan for this Lungs. And in giving publicity to this statement we are actuated by motives of public benefaction, trusting that others may be benefited. THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER. Chronic rheumatism, Serefuls, Syphilitic Com-laints, etc., (sec our, book on Venerus), etc., price wenty-dve ceuts, Ofaquiar Swelling, Hacking Dry Jough, Cancerona Affections, Hierding of the Lungs, syspapsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Imples, Hotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Breases, Gott, Broopy, Tickees, Sait Rheum, Bron-hitts, Consumption, Diabetos, Kliner, Bladder, Jeur Complaints, etc. An Italian jaweler has a clock made en-tirely of bread. Anything will get stale in time.—Chicago Herald.

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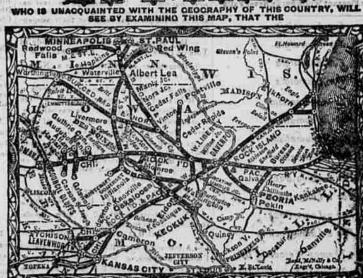
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